

Morning, Morning by YumKiwiDelicious

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Summary:

They would either wake her when the brownies were done, or she'd wake up on her own to a burnt pan. But that wouldn't be until morning.

Some Nancy/Jonathan/Steve-Barb morning domesticity

OR, Steve's totally the pushover parent

Morning, Morning

It was morning, but not *morning* morning. The bed was a tangle of too long limbs and bony little knees, but Nancy Wheeler sighed contentedly and snuggled down deeper into the dog pile they made up. Steve was against her back, sharp nosed pressed to the nape of her neck, with an arm slung over her waist so he could rest a hand on Barb. The little girl was tucked close to her mother's chest with one stubby fingered hand raised to rest over the woman's cheek, stroking the spot softly as she dreamed. Behind her, curled in like a bear around its cub, was Jonathan breathing so deep that it was clear he wouldn't be waking up anytime soon. He held Nancy's hand loosely where it hung over Barb's back and their little family snoozed soundly as the sun began to rise higher outside.

Saturday was their day to sleep in, but Nancy liked waking up early if only to enjoy the peace and quiet that was so rare in their household. She blinked sleep out of her eyes and stretched as minimally as she could, not wanting to wake any of the others in the bed. They were all exhausted from staying up late after Barb had begged to watch *The Goonies* for possibly the millionth time. Steve had grumbled about it with no real bite as he blamed Jonathan for their daughter's somewhat dated taste in films. *The Goonies* had come out a whole two years before Barbara was even born and yet she preferred it to more recent films like *Home Alone* or *The Adams Family* . Jonathan had stated he was all for their kid having a thing for the classics while Nancy insisted they needed to start showing her movies actually meant for children.

She cleared her throat lightly, shifting over to give Steve more space as he rolled away from her and onto his back. He would be waking up soon, she could tell from his starfish like body language. It was his personal wake up tell. She rolled onto her back as well, sending Barb's hand slipping down to her collar, and rested her neck over the young man's arm as his breathing slowly changed, hiccuping and sighing as he started to come to.

"Morning," she whispered at the first sign of his eyes fluttering open. She could tell from the way his brow and nose scrunched up that he

was groaning somewhere deep down in his chest; suffering in silence so that he didn't wake Barb and Jon. "It's still early."

Rather than responding Steve rolled back onto his side, quickly propping himself to get a glimpse of Barb over Nancy's shoulder. Seeing her still asleep he dropped a kiss to Nancy's cheek before dropping his head to her chest, fluffy, bed-wild hair tickling at her nostrils. She rubbed a hand across the back of his neck.

"We gotta start putting her to bed earlier," he complained in a whisper, voice vibrating through the both of them. Nancy hummed an agreement. "I'm gonna start putting my foot down about the late night movie sessions."

His woman snorted beneath him and he grumbled that he was serious, but they both knew it would be an uphill battle. Of the three adults in the house, Steve was the most lenient when it came to Barb. Shameful as it was for him to admit, he was a big pushover for her large eyes and pouting face when she wanted something. While Nancy and Jonathan took turns being the 'bad guy' Steve let their daughter get away with everything just short of murder. The girl ran around hollering like a banshee, missed school for the most minuscule of reasons, and got an unprecedented amount of sweets before supper time. There was simply no way he'd be able to swing cutting her Friday movie nights short; he didn't have the heart.

He was mumbling a sort of gameplan about breaking the bad news to the little girl when they both turned at a breathy sigh from the center of the bed. Barbara Wheeler yawned and stretched, throwing her limbs about carelessly as she woke from her slumber. Jonathan managed to sleep through the tiny fist thumping into his forehead, but Steve visibly winced as a little foot caught him in the exposed shin. The girl didn't seem to notice as she rubbed her eyes open and took stock of the situation for the morning. She beamed when she caught Nancy and Steve looking at her.

"Hi, mommy," she yawned, rolling forward to catch her mother around the neck in a sleepy hug, her hands getting tangled in the woman's hair.

Nancy hugged her back and wished her good morning before rolling

and passing her off Steve. Jonathan still slept at her back, though he'd shifted when Barb was pulled away. "What do you want for breakfast?"

Barbara hummed exaggeratedly in thought, snuggling back into her papa's hold as Steve attempted to smooth down her curls with the hand that wasn't hugging her. They both had very bad bed head in the mornings. The five year old's amber eyes bounced around the ceiling, her tongue just barely sticking out of her mouth as she tried to figure out what she was hungry for. Nancy waited patiently, momentarily wondering if the girl would drop off to sleep again, before her daughter gasped and her whole face lit up.

"Can we have brownies for breakfast?!" she gushed loudly, only quieting down when her two parents shushed her with a reminder that her third parent was still sleeping. "Can we please, Mommy?"

Nancy huffed through her nose, ready to start the day off with her only child being upset with her, when suddenly she had an idea. Glancing over she saw Steve looking as if he were about to settle in for more sleep until Nance called them all to the table and she smiled wickedly. The young man frowned at her, mouthing a soft 'what?', as she turned back to Barb who was still beaming at her hopefully.

"Ask your papa," she advised smoothly, just barely getting a glimpse of Steve's betrayed look before Barb set upon him. She climbed onto his chest, bony knees digging into his chest as she begged to have dessert for breakfast for once.

"Oh, please, please, please, Papa, can we have brownies for breakfast? That would be the best thing ever!"

Steve looked like he was in physical pain as he frowned up at his little girl looking so bright eyed and bushy tailed. Of the three adults in the house, Steve was the most anal when it came to Barb's diet. All food groups had to be present in healthy amounts, every meal had to be cooked at home, and besides the goodies he snuck her before dinner she really wasn't supposed to have that much sugar. He looked as if he were gazing forward into the future and seeing all her upcoming cavities as he began to crumble to her will. Nancy would have laughed if it wasn't so pathetic.

“Fine,” he grouched at last, turning away and grunting as Barb gave an excited bounce right on his stomach, “Brownies it is.”

Nancy shook her head in mock disappointment, stifling a snicker as Steve covertly shot her the bird as he threw himself out of bed. Barb clambered over for one more kiss from her mommy before following, bouncing on the balls of her feet as she followed her papa out the room and down the hall, chattering in an excited whisper the whole time about how happy daddy would be to wake up to brownies. The young woman called out reminding Steve to brush their daughter's teeth before she smiled warmly to herself, not knowing if she could love those two any more. She laid back down and let her eyes flutter closed. A sharp inhale of breath to her left had her cracking her eyes back open not a moment later, however, and she twisted her neck around to get a look at Jonathan. He was flat on his belly now, *his* personal wake up tell, and smacking his lips tiredly.

“Time?” he rasped, not bothering to open his eyes as Nancy scooted closer. He rolled to his side just barely to allow her space to snuggle under him before relaxing again.

“Early,” she informed, bringing a hand up to card through his dark hair, scratching lightly at his scalp.

He inhaled deeply again, taking in her scent, and cleared his throat. “Oh.”

Nance smirked at how articulate he was in the morning before pressing a quick kiss to his shoulder. “Go back to sleep,” she hushed, “Steve’s making brownies for breakfast with Barb.”

The young man guffawed a short laugh, sniffing lightly as he kept his eyes closed and got even more comfortable. “God, he is such a pushover,” he murmured good-naturedly, dropping off to sleep between one breath and the next. Nancy hummed her agreement, feeling herself relax back into slumber as she listened to Barb and Steve singing in the kitchen. They would either wake her when the brownies were done, or she’d wake up on her own to a burnt pan. But that wouldn’t be until morning. *Morning morning.*